Affliction till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye: that thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often would he say
The fiend, the fiend, he led me to that place.

Edg. Bare, free, and patient thoughts: but who comes heere,
The safer sense will nere accommodate his maister thus.

Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the King himselfe.

Edg. O thou side piercing sight.

Lear. Nature is aboue Art in that respect, ther's your presse-money. That fellow handles his bow like a Crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouse; peace, peace, this tosted cheese will do it. Ther's my gantlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant, bring vp the browne bils. O well flowne birde in the ayre. Hagh, giue the word.

Edg. Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Passe,

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flatter'd me like a dogge, and told me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones were there; to say I and no to all I saide: I and no too was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I smelt them out: goe too, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proofe.

Glost. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, ist not the King?

Lear I, euery inch a King: when I do stare see how the subiect quakes: I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, Adulterie? thou shalt not dye for adultery: no, the wren goes toot, and the small guilded flye do letcher in my sight; let copulation thriue. For *Glosters* bastard son was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull sheets, toot Luxury, pell mell, for I want souldiers. Behold yon simpring dame, whose face between her

her forkes presageth snow, that m
head, heare of pleasures name to
goes toot with a more riotous app
they are Centaures, though wom
do the gods inherit, beneath is all
darkenesse, theres the sulphury pit
summation, fie, fie, fie, pah, pah
good Apothecary, to sweeten my
thee.

Glo. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Here wipe it first, it sme

Glo. O ruin'd peece of nature,
out to naught, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy eyes we
me: no, do thy worst blinde Cup
challenge, marke the penning on

Glo. Were all the letters suns

Edg. I would not take this fro
at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of

Lear. O ho, are you there wit
money in your purse? your eyes
in a light; yet you see how this

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lea. What art mad? A man m
no eyes. Looke with thy eares,
yon simple theefe: hearke in th
theefe, which is the Iustice. Th
at a begger.

Glo. I sir.

Lear. And the creature run f
behold the great image of Aut
Thou Rascall Beadle hold thy h
that whore? strip thine owne b
her in that kind for which thou

cozener, through tattered rags